THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION BULLETIN

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Other matters relating to the work of the Association should be referred to the Secretary, Miss Myra B. Martin, 15 Gramercy Park, New York.

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Scene from Broadcast of the Coburn Drama, *Macbeth*.

Edward Peyton Harris, adapter-director; David Ross, announcer; Albert Sinton, sound-effect man; Charles Coburn, as Macbeth; and Mrs. Coburn, as Lady Macbeth.

Shakespeare on the Air

By Edward Peyton Harris

I'll charm the air to give a sound . . .

SOME of us who are devoting ourselves to the newest art, radio—so new, in fact, that many people allege it is no art,—have for a long time believed Shakespeare should be the ideal radio dramatist. We have honest, craftsmanly reason for the faith within us: the Elizabethan, disciplined by the theatrical limitations of his time, fortunately remains within the very strict boundaries set by this most recent medium.

In radio, naturally, we have to make whatever impression we are to achieve through one sense only, hearing. This necessity dictates at the start the keynote of radio drama. The comedy must result from words rather than from deeds; if we accept the distinction, we might classify the only radio amusement now possible as being that of wit rather than of humor. The Elizabethan dramatists, of course, were among the wittiest. During no age, indeed, has the whole commonalty of people loved to play with words and relished them so keenly as in the days of Elizabeth the Queen. And in all this bright company, Shakespeare was the superlative.

Likewise, tragedy then and now reared its heights through the majesty of speech; an action that had no word suited to it counted little in the late Sixteenth Century playhouse, and it is worth less over the radio. Pantomime in a theatre where the vision was at best doubtful and the acting anything but expert, was not a safe reliance for the writer; Shakespeare, being primarily a splendid technician, did not rely on subtle gestures and facial expressions; instead, he depended more on beauty of voice—just as we do in radio. The emphasis in Hamlet's instruction to the players rests upon the vocal rather than the more physical manifestation.

The lines of Shakespeare's plays nearly always carry sufficient information about the time and place of the action. The dramatist did not write highly specialized descriptions of sets and stage-directions, simply because he knew nobody would regard them. The resources of his stage did not permit scenic display; therefore he depicted through his words and to the imagination, more vividly than an artist could have drawn, what he wished to be seen. His actors, unlike some of our contemporaries, did not trust that handsome

costumes would distract from lack of proficiency; true, there were very handsome costumes, which noble members of the audience must have recalled as having been recently on their own backs, but these garments weakened the illusion rather than strengthened it.

The dramatist never put the best part of his play into a printed program. He did business in the genuine coin of this insubstantial realm—the magic of sounds. Even the best trained listeners—and the Elizabethans excelled in this respect—fidget at a confused story and finally refuse their attention; Shakespeare, consequently, at risk of being too explicit sometimes, keeps his story to the fore in the speeches of his play. He employs the devices of his period, prologue and chorus, to double assurance; and these agents are no more artificial than our radio announcers. Considering certain announcers, we might observe that they admirably substitute the chorus and perhaps also the placard that may have blazoned the scene.

With all of these qualifications, why has not Shakespeare, until recently, assumed his rightful station on the air? The answer indicates the failure of most radio drama: the writers of it may know the theatre or the radio, but they rarely know both; and two more strenuously technical fields do not exist.

Hitherto Shakespeare has found representation on the air mainly through burlesque and bad adaptations. The burlesques might have been funny but never were; they might have recaptured the spirit of the Elizabethan age but they did not. Once or twice they exacted as a prerequisite a knowledge of the originals; usually they were nothing more than silly horseplay, inept from opening to finish, so wildly exaggerated as not to figure in an essay dedicated to Shakespearean drama.

The adaptations had — and have; some of them persist — more praiseworthy motives behind them, but exhibited hardly more skill. The authors would insist upon helping Shakespeare out too extensively. What the audience heard was mostly the "quotations" muffled in wads of cotton batting contributed by the modern writer.

Quite frequently the audience heard not so much as that; the radio actors ranted or swallowed their words, and either procedure brings unintelligibility. They fell into a sing-song, adopted the ministerial tone some people think due anything written a hundred years ago, or they raced against the announcer's stop-watch. Not themselves comprehending the lines, they inescapably befuddled others, especially those to whom the Elizabethan idiom and vocabulary

were unfamiliar. The performances were, sad to say, like nothing human; and yet Shakespeare's plays are the most human ever acted.

One dignified production, however, deserves credit, although it, too, fails. The scheme of the broadcasts kills it at the outset. The adapter, while he engages competent readers and sticks fairly close to the text, sinks into the most treacherous pit of all. Obviously, to present an entire five-act drama, intact, would take several hours, and everybody recognizes that the radio audience will not stand or sit by such a long time. The manager of these performances has, therefore, chosen a plan that appears all right but defeats itself. He delivers one or two acts a night and carries the show ahead in installments. This continued-story form, even when only twenty-four hours separate the parts, loses any chance of a total impression. The fragments, without effective continuity, seem utterly lifeless, academic—as far as possible from the stirring dramas the Elizabethans enjoyed.

Nevertheless, when, at the suggestion of Mr. Walter Damrosch, Mr. Charles Coburn determined to attempt for the stage what Mr. Damrosch has furnished for the concert platform, the actor selected Shakespearean plays with which to open his campaign. He had tested them with audiences of all types in nearly every town of this country, and he was willing to confine himself to them.

He turned over to me the condensed version of *Macbeth* and *The Taming of the Shrew* which he and Mrs. Coburn had been presenting with huge acclaim for some seasons. These, first off, satisfied some of the radio requirements; arranged for two voices, they were never in danger of bewildering the air-audience; and, even with the essential exposition, they would not occupy more than half an hour. Early in the experiment we accepted Poe's dictum about another form of writing, and concluded that a radio play was one you could hear at a single sitting—and that most people do not care to sit longer than half an hour.

We did not touch the texts of these plays except to cut them; we innovated somewhat, however, by elaborating the description of the scene and characters, as well as the elements of the plot, in the prefatory announcement, thus following the master's lead and, really, often quoting his poetry.

Every change of set, passage of time, or entrance of a character Mr. and Mrs. Coburn could not interpret or establish meant that the announcer had to intervene with further explanation. I appreciated from painful experience

that the fewer of these interruptions the better. Each one of them was a body-blow at the illusion. In the end, I reduced them to four for the whole play, thus securing five divisions; strangely enough, the same number as that of the acts in the original, although our radio scenes did not correspond to these.

The first venture was a triumph. "Mr. and Mrs. Coburn as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, were able," declares an editorial from *The New Haven Register,* "in something less than fifteen minutes of spoken lines, together with not more than five or ten minutes of descriptive interludes by the announcer, to send out through the radio receiver the Shakespearean tragedy in its fulness, and garbed in all its glorious language." Incidentally, this performance was Mrs. Coburn's radio debut, and the actress immediately enthralled us all with what we welcome as one of the most colorful and versatile voices on the air.

The response to *Macbeth,* first in the series of the Coburn Sound Dramas, broadcast over the Columbia System's network by the National Radio Home-Makers Club, was overwhelming. We received a letter from the head of the English department for a Nebraska normal school stating that the entire institution had listened to the program; the effect had so pleased the president that he was having a loud-speaker placed in the chapel and would try using the radio further for educational purposes. The boards of directors for a school in Virginia and a department of a great life insurance company in New York telegraphed that the performance was the best they had ever heard on the air. A group of teachers and artists in San Francisco wrote glowingly of the joy the Coburns' faultless diction had conferred upon them. But we valued as much the hundreds and hundreds of letters from individuals in every State of the Union, all rewarding us with gratitude.

Mr. Coburn's plan for *The Taming of the Shrew* awoke a little doubt in me; we were not to alter the text any more than we had for *Macbeth,* but the passages read by the announcer were to be modern. With considerable trepidation, I obtained notes from the fashion editor of *Radio Home-Makers Magazine* on the latest Paris styles — for Katherine's wedding gown; and I had Petruchio in knickers and lumberman's jacket. He drew not a sword but a pistol to frighten the wedding guests, and departed firing a volley, his bride over his shoulder, himself upon a decrepit motorcycle.

Working out these complex sound-effects with the expert from the Columbia System provided entertainment for us. The nearest approach to the pistol shots was staccato hand-clapping by a negro youth—the color, I suppose, not

being vital—shoved into a corner of the studio. The motorcycle, which sounded oddly like an airplane despite our best efforts, was a sewing-machine motor equipped with knotted leather thongs that hit a leather pad and gave the impression, we fondly hoped, of explosions. To enliven the occasion, just before the broadcast the sound-effect man lost his manuscript with all cues marked in it; he had to read from Mr. Coburn's paper, enough to upset any actor. But that fine trouper never faltered.

I must avail myself again of reports for a criticism on this production, because I was so busy at the moment I have only a vague idea of what occurred. Already pressed into service to impersonate Baptista for a few scenes, I discovered I must be the music-master, and cry out at a distance—of three feet from the microphone, but wonderfully increased by stuffing curtains into my mouth. Because of the mislaid manuscript, further, I had to dash around and conduct the vocal mob and Petruchio's servants. By the end of the broadcast, I was quite ready to go home.

However, the fan-mail that soon began to pour in was compensation enough; and it made me ashamed of having questioned Mr. Coburn's wisdom for one minute. I should have realized that he knew his dramatist and his audience. He had wished by substituting up-to-date properties to convince the listeners that Shakespeare lives as thrillingly today as he lived three hundred years ago.

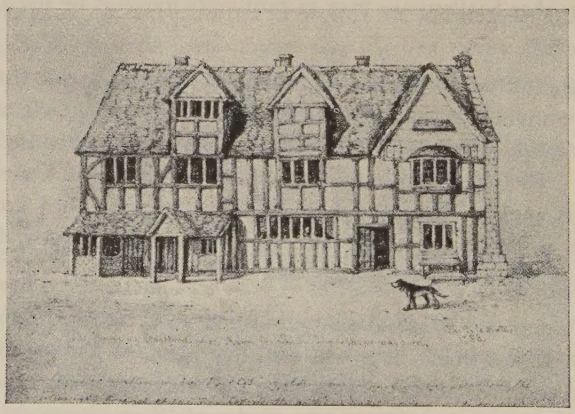
A teacher of diction testified that some children who were listening with her stayed entranced throughout the comedy; these young folk, she told us, are always quick to detect condescension or insincerity and to depart from it in disgust. Their complete surrender to the Coburn Sound Drama was like spontaneous applause from the most difficult audience. Such instances bore out the theory that Shakespeare's lines, when spoken intelligently, do not seem remote or cloudy to any generation, past or present.

Two letters we received are typical and they banished what fears remained. One was from a lady who said that her cook had eavesdropped on *The Shrew* and had become almost hysterical with mirth; the other consisted of a few sentences from a citizen who confessed, "I am a man that likes jazz-bands and darky skits over the radio. This morning I had to stop home from work and I tuned in on your show by mistake. I thought it was grand. I hope you'll give us more of this kind of stuff."

We hope we shall be able to; for the preliminary series, the Columbia

Broadcasting System co-operated generously, and the National Radio Home-Makers Club lent not only technical aid and the actual studios but also its enthusiastic audience of five million. We expect, when the schools open, to march ahead with the Coburn Sound Drama.

And we shall consecrate at least half of the periods to Shakespeare. He has emerged at last as not just the leading radio dramatist but as our chief contemporary playwright. Too long he has stood in the shadow of that damning signboard "highbrow"; certainly they who raise it against him suppose that thereby they annihilate him. But, as I wrote the man who "likes jazz-bands and darky skits," Shakespeare was the best-seller of his day and he has not lost ground during the three hundred years since. Best-sellers are not usually highbrow. Shakespeare himself would probably be the first to laugh at the pomp and solemnity with which many approach his plays. He is a fellow-being with us, and his victory in our latest medium demonstrates this truth.



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE IN 1788
(From E. I. Fripp's *Shakespeare's Stratford*)
Courtesy of The Oxford University Press, N. Y. Branch.

Shakespeare in Italy

By Guido Ferrando

OF all foreign poets Shakespeare is by far the most popular in Italy. His popularity, however, is comparatively recent; it dates back to the first decades of the last century, when Italian Romanticists drew so much of their inspiration from English writers. At that same time, through the translation of Cary and the criticism of Coleridge and later on of Macaulay, Carlyle and others, Dante, "the poet sire of Italy," was beginning to be known and admired in England. It is interesting to notice that the two supreme poets, apart from their universal meaning as the most wonderful interpreters and revealers of human nature, are now considered as the truest representatives of their own countries. Shakespeare even more so than Dante; he has become a national symbol, so that whenever we hear his name, we immediately think of England and of all it stands for; he is for us her highest achievement, her greatest contribution to the spiritual wealth of the world. And yet this name, today universally admired, was practically unknown to the Italians till a century ago. The first time we find it mentioned is in a letter written to Jacopo Martelli by Antonio Conti of Padua and prefixed to his own play: *Il Cesare* (Faenza, 1726). Conti, a scholar and a literary man, went to England in 1715 to see Newton, and there made the acquaintance, among other prominent men, of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, who showed him his two plays, *Caesar* and *Brutus,* which Conti says, "are only Sasper's cut in two." The funny spelling of the poet's name, and the fact that there is no trace of Shakespearean art or influence in his play, makes us suspect that he never read *Julius Caesar.* Most probably he knew nothing about Shakespeare, because in the notes to his translation of *The Rape of the Lock,* published in 1740, commenting on the lines:

> "Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
> Stormed for the handkerchief that caused his pain,"

he remarks that the allusion is to a passage in an English tragedy. Now, if Conti, who is generally very accurate and well informed in his notes, had known the name of the author of *Othello,* he would certainly have mentioned it; so we may take this as a conclusive evidence of his absolute ignorance of Shakespeare's works. An ignorance which he shared with all his countrymen, if we except only a few of them who had lived in England, such as Paolo Rolli, (1687-1765), one of the good lyric poets of his age, who was the first

Italian translator of *Paradise Lost* and the first to understand and appreciate Shakespeare. In his *Life of Milton,* prefixed to his translation, he speaks of Shakespeare and compares him with Dante, showing himself familiar with the great English poet. In his *Remarks upon M. Voltaire's Essay on the Epick Poetry of the European Nations* (1728) he praises Shakespeare for his strength in painting characters, and points out that Voltaire, who had severely criticized him, had never seen or read the tragedy of *Macbeth,* "to my taste the best English tragedy." Unfortunately, this first vindication of Shakespeare's greatness against the attacks of Voltaire, passed almost unnoticed; and the occasional allusions to Shakespeare by Italian writers who had been in England helped very little to make him known in Italy.

Here, as elsewhere in Europe, France was supreme in all questions of taste. "It is the French," Goldoni writes, "whom everyone is trying to imitate"; and so there was no chance for Shakespeare to become known in Italy until he had aroused the interest of some French writer of great standing. As everybody knows, the great man who drew the attention of the whole of Europe to Shakespeare was Voltaire, whose *Lettres Philosophiques* (1734) mark an epoch in the history of Shakespeare in the continent. Voltaire's criticism, however shallow it may appear to us today, was accepted throughout Europe, and every critic repeated with him that Shakespeare was "un barbare de génie," that in his monstrous farces called tragedies, there are undoubtedly fine scenes and great passages, which explain the success of his pieces, but there is also an absolute lack of good taste and not the least acquaintance with the rules.

Francesco Algarotti, the protégé of Frederick the Great, and the most polished and cultivated of the Italian *abati,* in a letter written at Cirey in 1735, and generally printed before Voltaire's *Jules César,* says that Voltaire in his play has imitated the severity, not the barbarity of Shakespeare, in whom there are "faults innumerable and thoughts inimitable." And yet Algarotti knew something of Shakespeare and had actually seen *Julius Caesar* performed in London! Francesco Saverio Quadrio in his once famous *Della storia e della ragione di ogni poesia"* (Milano 1743) mentions Shakespeare, and so does Carlo Denina in his *Discorso sopra le vicende della letteratura* (1760), but they both simply transcribe Voltaire and evidently have never read Shakespeare's works. Saverio Bettinelli, the famous Jesuit who thought the Divina Commedia greatly inferior to the *Essay of Man,* was scandalized by Shakespeare (he spells it *Scespir,* a clever reproduction in Italian of the sound of the name) and calls him "bestial, though sometimes sublime" (*Dia-*

loghi sopra il Teatro moderno, 1788). Even Melchiorre Cesarotti, the translator of *Ossian,* is unable to appreciate Shakespeare, and openly declares that Antonio Conti's *Il Cesare* has greater merits than the English play, though it is inferior to Voltaire's tragedy. Giambattista Roberti in his *Dell'amor verso la patrio* (1775), Francesco Milizia in his *Trattato completo del Teatro* (1773), Pietro Napoli Signorelli in his *Storia critica dei Teatri antichi e moderni* (1777) and in his *Elementi di poesia drammatica* (1801), Aurelio Bertola in his *Idea della bella letteratura* (1784), to mention some of the best known literary critics of the age, all agree in condemning Shakespeare especially for his neglect of the Unities, and also for his fondness for horrors and for his lack in good taste. Metastasio and Goldoni, however, the only two original dramatic writers of this century, have much to say against the famous Unities. The former wrote music-drama, which, having come into existence after Aristotle, was exempt from the rules; but he also fought against all restrictions in art and maintained that a man of genius has the right to break the bonds of authority and custom. The latter, though in his comedies he observed the unities, in the dedication of his play *I Malcontenti* to John Murray, the English resident in Venice from whom probably he had learnt the little he knew about Shakespeare, attacks the unities of time and place which cramp the imagination of the poet and adds: "For my part I am convinced that Aristotle in his *Poetics* and Horace have done us more harm than good."

The reaction against the literary dictatorship of Voltaire in Italy becomes stronger with the growth of a better knowledge of the English writers of the day: Addison, whose *Spectator* is imitated by Gozzi in his *Osservatore,* and by Verri in his *Caffè,* Swift, Pope, Gray, Young, Macpherson, whose remarks are translated, read and greatly admired; and finds at last its champion in Giuseppe Baretti. This great Italian critic was Johnson's friend and was the first genuine admirer of Shakespeare whose works he knew and appreciated thoroughly. After having lived twelve years in England and studied eagerly English literature, he returned in 1763 to Italy to edit the *Frusta letteraria,* a paper modelled on the Rambler, in which he speaks of Shakespeare as of "a poet who both in tragedy and comedy is superior to all the Corneilles, to all the Racines, to all the Molières of Gaul"; and calls him "a transcendent poet whose genius soars beyond the reach of art." When in 1776 Voltaire sent his famous *Letter* to the French Academy attacking Shakespeare, Baretti, who had already quarelled with him about Dante and Ariosto, replied with a *Discours sur Shakespeare et sur Monsieur de Voltaire,* written in French and printed in London in 1778. This work is both a defence of Shakespeare and

a violent attack on Voltaire; badly written and hurriedly put together, it had not a great success. Voltaire himself took no notice of it, and the English seemed rather surprised, not to say shocked, that an Italian should write to defend their own great dramatist, and in French! Still it contains much sound criticism: it is full of enthusiasm and passion, and the author is led by his absolute conviction of the truth of what he is saying, not only to justify, but to praise Shakespeare for having violated the rules.

Baretti is fighting for liberty, and this same love for liberty accounts for the admiration of many leading Italians of this period for England and all that is English. Men like the two brothers Verri, of Milan, adored England and admired Shakespeare. Vittorio Alfieri, the only great writer of tragedy Italy has produced, was a true anglomaniac; he was also an admirer of Shakespeare, though unable to read him in English; and for this reason, and because he was afraid of being too strongly influenced by him and of losing his own individuality, he gave up reading him. Vincenzo Monti, the most popular Italian poet of the Napoleonic period, was a genuine admirer of Shakespeare, but, like Manzoni and many other of his contemporaries, being ignorant of English, was obliged to use Le Tourneur's translation. Not only in his early plays, *Aristodemo* (1786) and *Galeotto Manfredi* (1788), composed before the Revolution, but also in his later tragedy, *Caio Gracco* (1800), and in many of his poems, we find imitations of Shakespeare, of whose greatness as a poet and a dramatist he speaks at length in his remarkable *Lezioni di Eloquenza.* Ugo Foscolo, who was a greater poet than Monti and knew English well—he spent the second half of his life in England and died in London in 1827—was never a Shakespeare enthusiast, though he proclaims him with Homer and Dante, "the master of all superhuman geniuses." But Foscolo was a classicist, like Giacomo Leopardi, the greatest lyric poet of the century, who seems to have known very little of Shakespeare, even in translation; and since the Romanticists, both in England and in Germany, had used Shakespeare's name as a symbol of their revolt against classicism, and especially against the classical revival encouraged by Napoleon, the upholders of the classical tradition were rather prejudiced against him.

In Italy, the Romantic movement was, as it had been for Germany, a kind of rebellion and liberation; it maintained, in the words of Madame De Stael who introduced it into Italy with her famous book, *De l'Allemagne,* that literature must be free as man, and that all nations have a right to intellectual equality. So that if at first Romanticism was a reaction against French claims

to hegemony in literature and in politics, it became, after the fall of Napoleon, a strong national movement against the despotic rule of Austria and of the Bourbons in the Italian States. The spiritual leader of this movement was Alessandro Manzoni, the greatest name in the Italian literature of the century, and the greatest admirer of Shakespeare that Italy ever had. As, during the XVIII century the story of Shakespeare in Italy centers around the name of Voltaire, so during the XIX century it centers around the name of Manzoni. To him Shakespeare is "the great and unique poet"; his genius is superhuman; far from being immoral, he is superior to the others because he is more moral; *Macbeth* and many others are divine tragedies. Appreciations of this kind are to be found scattered through all his critical works, essays and letters; and though he does not follow Shakespeare in the structure of his own plays, he is greatly indebted to him, and it would take many pages to point out the imitations and reminiscences of Shakespeare in his works. Manzoni himself freely admitted his indebtedness, thus paying off his debt in the noblest manner, because this frank acknowledgement of how much he owed his English master, turned the attention of all the contemporary Italian writers on Shakespeare and greatly increased his popularity. Among these writers, followers of Manzoni, three deserve a special mention. Giovanni Berchet, the bard of the Italian Risorgimento, who collaborated on the *Conciliatore* founded by the Romantics in 1818, and later on, as a political exile, spent several years in England where he learnt the language and became an ardent reader of Shakespeare, some of whose plays he had the good fortune to see acted; Silvio Pellico, one of the editors of the *Conciliatore,* to which he contributed a number of well informed articles on English literature, expressing liberal ideas which caused him to be arrested and sent to prison for many long years; Niccolo Tommaseo who was to become one of the leading critics of the next generation. To Pellico and, at a later date, to Tommaseo, Shakespeare came as a revelation; it widened his horizon and made of him the first romantic dramatist of Italy.

The great drawback to a better understanding and appreciation of Shakespeare lay in the fact that the majority of Italian literary men of this age did not know English well enough to read him in the original. Manzoni, as we have seen, used Le Tourneur's translation; he read it over and over again till he was steeped in the English poet, or better in his French translator, so much so that he was able to *réproduire les manières et les allures du maitre;* but he deeply regretted his ignorance of English which prevented him from enjoying all the beauties of his "Shakespeare." A need of an Italian translation was

sorely felt during these ardent years of the Romantic controversy when everybody was talking about Shakespeare. Madame de Stael in an epoch-making article, *Sulla Memoria e l'utilita delle traduzioni,* published in the *Biblioteca Italiana* (January, 1816), had expressed her belief that "the best cure for the wretched state of literature in the country was to be found in the translating of recent English and German poets"; and she had remarked that, thanks to Schlegel's translation, Shakespeare was played in Germany as if he were a national author; why was not the same thing possible in Italy? Berchet, in *his Lettera semiseria di Grisostomo,* which was the real manifesto of Romanticism in Italy, had also insisted on the necessity of translating English and German authors, and the suggestion was taken up by Michele Leoni, who gave himself entirely to this work of translation. After having translated *Paradise Lost, The Essay on Man, The School for Scandal,* Thomson's *Seasons,* Hume's *History of England,* and Byron's *Lament of Tasso,* he turned to Shakespeare and announced that he would publish a translation of all his most important plays, on condition that two hundred and fifty people should subscribe. The subscribers were found and the tragedies of Shakespeare appeared in fourteen volumes between 1819 and 1822 (Verona, Sosieta tipografica). The first volume contained a version of Johnson's *Essay* on Shakespeare, and of Rowe's *Life;* each of the succeeding volumes contained one play preceded by Schlegel's introduction and provided with notes by the translator. Ten plays: *The Tempest, King John, Midsummer Night's Dream, Othello, Macbeth, Julius Caesar, Romeo and Juliet, Richard III, Cymbeline* and *Hamlet* were revisions of earlier translations and in blank verse, while *King Lear, Richard II* and the two parts of *Henry IV* were in prose. Leoni was not the first to translate Shakespeare in Italian; as far back as 1756, Domenico Valentini of Siena had rendered *Julius Caesar* into the Tuscan language. Valentini, who was a professor of Ecclesiastical Law, did not know English; he was induced to attempt this difficult task, which he completed with the aid of some English friends, simply because he had read Voltaire's criticism and imitations, and thought that the subject would certainly interest Italians. But he was mistaken; his translation did not meet with an encouraging reception, so that he not only discontinued translating Shakespeare, but for many years no one else dared to attempt again the arduous task. Towards the end of the century, however, a noble Venetian lady, Giustina Renier Michiel, published a prose translation of three of Shakepeare's tragedies: *Othello, Macbeth* and *Coriolanus* (Venezia, 1798-1899, 3 vols.). It is a work of no merit; the less said of it the better. Leoni's translation, though fairly accurate, is undistinguished; it had no great success, still

it contributed to the definite victory of the Romantics. It was no longer possible now for the classicists to ignore Shakespeare, or to treat him with contempt; and he was universally recognized as one of the world's great poets. A remarkable evidence of this change of attitude is afforded us by an article on Leoni's translation, which appeared in the October number (1821) of the *Biblioteca Italiana,* the stronghold of the anti-romantics. The reviewer openly admits Shakespeare's greatness, and following almost entirely Johnson's criticism, justifies his violation of the rules, saying that after all they were derived from the tragedians, so that if Aristotle had had Shakespeare instead of the Greek tragic poets before him, probably his canons would have been different. A last attempt to defend the old positions is made by Count Pagani Cesa in his book *Sovra il Teatro tragico italiano* (1825) which, insignificant in itself, is important for the criticism it gave rise to. First Bertolotti in the *Novo Ricoglitore* for November, 1825, then Montani in three long articles in the *Antologia* (February, March and April, 1826), and lastly an anonymous reviewer in the *Biblioteca Italiana* (1827), reviewing Pagani Cesa's book, affirm again Shakespeare's greatness, and show us how Italians were really beginning to understand and appreciate him. In 1830 Mazzini, the prophet of new Italy, contributed to the *Antologia,* a liberal paper that played an important part in the Risorgimento, three articles on the *Dramma Storico,* in which he discusses Shakespeare at length and proclaims him the greatest creator of characters in all the history of literature. Mazzini, however, while recognizing in Shakespeare this marvellous creative power that enabled him to produce a Hamlet two centuries before it could be understood, believes that he had not the great qualities that are the true greatness of Dante. To him Shakespeare is the highest expression of individualism, and though he is supreme as an artist, he is not, and will never be, one of the great prophets of humanity. These articles, containing a philosophical view of literature as a means of expressing the eternal values of life, had a powerful influence on Italian opinion. Mazzini's interpretation of Shakespeare, even if unconvincing, is suggestive, and marks the highest point reached by Shakespearean criticism during the Romantic period.

Meanwhile the interest in Shakespeare was steadily growing, as is well shown by the appearance between 1830 and 1831 of several new translations of his works. Giuseppe Niccolini translates, in verse, *Macbeth,* and Gaetano Barbieri *Romeo and Juliet,* also in verse, while Giunio Bazzoni and Giacomo Sornani issue a translation of *Othello, The Tempest, King Lear, Macbeth, Midsummer Night's Dream, Romeo and Juliet,* and Ignazio Valletta pub-

lishes prose versions of *Julius Caesar, Othello* and *Coriolanus.* The only good one is Niccolini's; the others are all inferior to Leoni's version. In 1839 we get the first complete translation of Shakespeare's plays, by Carlo Rusconi; it is in prose and much more accurate than Leoni's; at times really good. It is however to Giulio Carcano that Italy owes what may be considered, up to the present, the standard translation of Shakespeare. Carcano gave his whole life to this great task, and after forty years' work, he published between 1875 and 1882, at Milan, his complete version in twelve volumes. It is in verse, and undoubtedly it has many merits, but the Italian verse is rather too redundant, and the rendering of some of the most poetical passages is unsatisfactory. In more recent years Diego Angeli has embarked on a new translation, partly in verse and partly in prose, which is now nearing its completion. The first volume, *The Tempest,* was published in 1911 and since then 29 other volumes have appeared. It is of very unequal merit; at moments it is extremely good, but quite often it is inaccurate, so that on the whole I do not believe that it can be ranked as high as Carcano's. Alessandro Muccioli had promised us a complete prose version of Shakespeare; but after having translated five plays, published between 1922 and 1925, he gave up the task. It would be uninteresting to give a complete list of all the partial translations of Shakespeare which have come out in recent years, as they have no literary value; but a word must be said of that group of translators who in the *Biblioteca Sansoniana Straniera* (Florence), are endeavoring to give an accurate and at the same time readable version of Shakespeare's best plays. Some of the volumes already published are excellent; each volume contains a single play and gives on one page the text and on the opposite page the translation; a lengthy and scholarly introduction discusses the date and sources of the play and illustrates its beauties and its meaning; while copious notes explain the text and justify any new interpretation of difficult or obscure passages. This is the first attempt to interpret Shakespeare and to make him accessible to all cultured people who have a slight knowledge of English.

The contribution of Italy to a sound Shakespearean criticism has been, up to the present, almost negligible; apart from a certain number of literary appreciations, there has been no research work, no study of the text. Still we have a few works that deserve to be mentioned. Giuseppe Chiarini, a good critic and a man of taste, wrote a book of *Studi Shakespeariani* (Livorno, 1897) which contains some interesting studies on Shakespeare's marriage, on the Italian sources of *The Merchant of Venice* and of *Romeo and Juliet,* and a brilliant essay on the women in Dante and in Shakespeare. Federico Garlanda

who for many years occupied the chair of English Literature in the University of Rome, contributed a rather extensive monographic study on Shakespeare (*Guglielmo Shakespeare; il poeta e l'uomo,* 1900), followed four years later by a volume of *Studi Shakespeariani;* these works add nothing to the little we know of the poet's life and to the interpretation of his plays, but they are accurate and sound. Giuseppe Cosentino in two volumes: *Le Commedie di Shakespeare* (Bologna, 1906) and *I drammi storici di Shakespeare* (Bologna, 1907) has given us a vulgarization of many of Shakespeare's plays. Carlo Segrè has published a series of short essays on Shakespeare, especially in relation to Italy, which are quite interesting, and Matilde Doccioli has written a very accurate study on the Italian sources of Shakespeare. On Shakespeare in Italy, Siro Attilio Nulli has published in 1918 a well informed book which contains some good chapters on Shakespeare and the Italian Romanticists. More important is the long Essay by Benedetto Croce which appeared in *La Critica* (May-July, 1919) and was afterwards published in book form; it is an extensive criticism of Shakespeare as a dramatist, and it deserves to be read by all Shakespearean scholars, especially for the very useful Italian bibliography on Shakespeare. Quite a number of other essays, written in recent years, need not be mentioned, as they have no critical or literary value. On the whole the best contribution to Shakespearean criticism in Italy is represented by the introductions and notes to the plays published in the *Biblioteca Sansoniana* already mentioned; some of these studies as the one by Aldo Ricci on *Julius Caesar,* of Raffaello Piccoli on *Hamlet,* of G. S. Gargano on *The Merchant of Venice* and on *As You Like It,* are really good and may be usefully recommended to all Shakespearean scholars. Rather interesting, though far from convincing, is the interpretation that Carlo Formichi has given of *Hamlet,* while Alessandro De Stefani's bombastic criticism of *Macbeth* is very disappointing. G. S. Gargano, who is the only serious Shakespeare scholar in Italy, has written a fascinating book: *Scapigliature Italiane a Londra sotto Elisabetta e Giacomo 1* (Firenze, 1923), full of curious information, which, by throwing a sidelight on life in England at the end of the XVI and the beginning of the XVII centuries, may help us in getting a better understanding of Shakespeare. But from this gifted critic and profound scholar, who has studied so thoroughly all the Elizabethan drama, we have a right to expect some richer contribution to our knowledge of Shakespeare. A fine book, just published, by Giovanni Ramello on *Hamlet 1603* (*Studi sugli Apocrifi Shakespeariani,* Torino, 1930), justifies our hopes for a finer and more scientific contribution to Shakespeare criticism. This is the first serious study

to appear in Italy on a Shakespeare Quarto, and though the conclusions at which the author arrives are not convincing, we cannot but admire the scientific method and the vast erudition he displays in the treatment of the difficult subject. Ramello promises us a series of such scholarly studies on the so-called "bad" Quartos of Shakespeare; and we are looking forward with eager expectation to the fulfillment of his promise.

If Italy has remained so far behind in the field of Shakespeare criticism, this is due to the fact that up to now Italian students had no means of studying seriously English literature. It is only in very recent years, since the war, that English has been substituted for French in many secondary schools, and that chairs in English Literature have been founded in five or six of the great Universities; so that there has been hardly time enough to prepare good scholars. It is interesting however to notice how rapidly the study of Shakespeare is spreading through Italy. In Florence, which, thanks also to the British Institute founded in 1918 by the British Government, has become the most important center of English studies in Italy, not only is there every year a Course on Shakespeare at the University, but special classes are formed at the British Institute for the reading aloud of his plays, in which each pupil takes a part. Shakespeare has also become a textbook for Italian secondary schools; practically in every school either one of the two great Roman plays, *Julius Caesar* or *Coriolanus* (*Anthony and Cleopatra* for obvious reasons is not fit for young boys and girls) or *The Merchant of Venice,* or *Macbeth* or *The Tempest,* is read in translation; and in those schools where English is taught, one of these plays is generally read and translated by the pupils. So not only the name, but also the works of Shakespeare have become to Italian students almost as familiar as Dante's; while the stage has made him even more popular. After all, when all is said, critical studies and philosophical interpretations contribute very little to the influence of a great writer; his true greatness consists in his appeal to the heart and imagination of the people. Dante and Shakespeare possess this marvelous power to the utmost degree; they are supreme and universal poets, because they can play at will on our feelings, they can make us laugh or weep, they can arouse our sympathy for all the infinite sorrows of human life. The scholarly comments on the *Divine Comedy* are certainly most useful and admirable, but they mean nothing to the uncultured man who *feels* Dante and is moved to tears by the episode of Francesca da Rimini or of Count Ugolino. So with Shakespeare; the deeper meaning of *Hamlet* or of *King Lear* escapes the great majority of the people who crowd the theatres, but they understand and enjoy all the same the play that is being

acted. In this respect Shakespeare has a great advantage over Dante: he can be not only read, but seen on the stage; and it is because of this that he becomes the most powerful and universal teacher of humanity. In Italy, some of his plays, especially *Othello, Macbeth, The Merchant of Venice, Hamlet* and *King Lear,* are immensely popular, and Shakespeare's name is sufficient to draw large audiences. Italy can also boast of some of the greatest interpreters of the most famous Shakespearean characters. And yet, how many hard battles had to be fought before Shakespeare could conquer a strong position upon the Italian stage! The first play to be acted, not counting the wretched adaptations of *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet* which were performed at the end of the XVIII century, was *Othello.* Gustave Modena, probably the greatest actor Italy ever had, after having produced Schiller's *Maria Stuart* with some success, decided to set on the stage one of Shakespeare's tragedies, and he chose *Othello.* The performance took place in 1845 at Milan, and was a complete fiasco; when in the first scene, Brabantio appears on the balcony still half asleep, the curtain had to be lowered amid a storm of laughter and hisses. Five years later Alemanno Morelli, also a good actor, tried to perform *Hamlet,* but had no success. The first successful interpreter of Shakespeare was Ernesto Rossi who, in 1856, after a very careful preparation, even went to London to see Kean who gave him the acting version of the play, played *Othello* at Milan in the same theatre where his master Gustave Modena had failed. This time the tragedy was acted to the end and received an enthusiastic welcome from a crowded audience. He was equally successful a few days later in *Hamlet,* and afterwards in *Macbeth;* he also acted the parts of Coriolanus, Lear, Romeo and Shylock. Garibaldi saw him play in *Hamlet* in 1866, and was moved to tears by his performance; when Rossi went to visit him the following morning, the general said: "That Shakespeare is a great magician, he kept me awake all night." Tommaso Salvini, Adelaide Ristori, Eleonora Duse, Ermete Novelli, world famous actors, were also among the best interpreters of Shakespeare. Ristori was a marvelous Lady Macbeth, Duse a delightful Juliet, Salvini an unrivalled Othello, and Novelli was supreme in the parts of Shylock and Petruchio. Ferruccio Garavaglia deserves also to be mentioned for having brought out a splendid performance of *Julius Caesar, King Lear,* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* and giving a fine interpretation of *Othello,* and *Macbeth.* Among living actors, Ermete Zacconi is a wonderful interpreter of *King Lear* and Ruggero Ruggeri has created anew the character of Hamlet.

These great artists have contributed immensely to the popularity of Shakespeare who is now frequently acted not only in the theatres of large

cities, but also in the small towns and even villages of Italy. It is most interesting and amusing to go to one of these popular performances in a provincial theatre; to note the costumes worn by the actors and the stage furnishing—I remember having seen once a rocking-chair in the bed-room of Desdemona who had on a gorgeous evening gown, and the portraits of Garibaldi and Mazzini hanging on the walls of the castle in Elsinore, while Hamlet was dressed in a velvet hunting suit,—and to see how the enthusiastic audience takes a lively part in the play, hissing Hamlet when he refuses to kill the king at his prayers, or urging Othello, in the last scene, to kill the infamous Iago.

Othello is of all Shakespeare's plays the most popular in Italy, not only because it speaks the universal language of love and jealousy that goes straight to the heart of the people, and because it has an Italian back ground, but also because it has been set to music by Verdi. Everybody knows that the great composer, after having written in his youth an opera on *Macbeth,* composed in his old age *Othello,* on the libretto prepared for him by Arrigo Boito, a true poet and a fine musician as well. Verdi's *Othello* is probably the greatest Italian opera; it is certainly the most wonderful interpretation of Shakespeare. The music not only describes in the most touching and pathetic way, the unutterable anguish of the Moor and the sad almost fatalistic resignation of his bewildered and loving wife, but it helps us to understand these human passions, it explains to us the wickedness of Iago, the jealousy of Othello, the innocence of Desdemona, and moreover it expresses those emotions which are too deep for words, too deep even for tears. It is a revelation; it reveals to us the supreme greatness of the poet and the immeasurable depth of human nature. If Shakespeare himself were to come back to life and listen to this divine music, he would realize how the Italian composer, more than any scholar, critic or poet, has penetrated into the spirit of his own stupendous poetical creation.

A Shakespeare Memorial for America[1]

By Joseph Quincy Adams

IT is well nigh impossible for us to realize the debt we owe to the poet in whose honor we are gathered here this evening. Our daily utterance is larded with apt phrases which he created, and our ordinary thought is colored by his ideas. Indeed, we could not be what we are were it not for the stimulus that his mind gave, and still is giving, to what we proudly call the culture of the English-speaking peoples. On this point let me cite what Thomas Carlyle says:

> This King Shakespeare, does he not shine, in crowned sovereignty, over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying-signs; indestructible; really more valuable in that point of view than any other means of appliance whatsoever? We can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the nations of Englishmen a thousand years hence. From Paramatta, from New York, wheresoever, under what sort of Parish-Constable soever, English men and women are, they will say to one another: "Yes, this Shakespeare is ours. We produced him, we speak and think of him; we are of one blood and kind with him."

If what Carlyle says is true—and who doubts it?—what return do we in America make to this gentle poet who has done so much for us, by whom, indeed, we speak and think? We publish his plays in countless editions, and read and enjoy them; but we pay him no royalty. We go to the theatres to witness his *Hamlet,* his *Romeo and Juliet,* his *Lear;* but again we accept his labors as a free gift. All that we give him by way of return is lip service—a name. Now it is proposed that we give him also—in our America—a local habitation. And hence the topic upon which I have been asked briefly to speak: "The Shakespeare House."

The plan, I take it, is to dedicate to the poet a house modeled after the already tried and successful houses established at some of our seats of learning as shrines to the culture of individual nations—as "The French House," "The Italian House," "The German House." But "The Shakespeare House," being more definite and restricted in its purpose, may well represent an advance over those centres devoted to the general culture of a whole nation.

Our secretary has suggested that I give this evening my conception of what

[1] A talk made at the Annual Dinner of the Shakespeare Association of America, in New York City, on May 4, 1930.

"The Shakespeare House" should be. Well, first of all, I believe that it should reproduce as nearly as possible the atmosphere of Shakespeare's time. The interior of the building, in its architectural design and in its decorations, should be entirely Elizabethan. The furniture, the portraits on the walls, the tapestries, all the assembled art treasures, should transport us as by magic into sixteenth century England, so that the moment we pass through the outer door, the noise and stir of our modern machine age will be forgotten, and our minds will be set in harmony with that of the gentle bard of Avon.

Without wishing to encroach upon the prerogatives of the architect, I should like to suggest a few details for "The Shakespeare House" as they frame themselves in my imagination.

First, I should have a large Tudor Hall, suitable for banquets, for formal lectures, for general celebrations, and, possibly, for occasional performances of Shakespeare's plays in the Elizabethan manner. Upon the walls of this spacious and handsome room should be hung portraits of the great Elizabethans—Queen Gloriana herself; the Earl of Southampton; the Lord Chamberlain, who was for a long time patron of Shakespeare's troupe; King James, later patron of the troupe; Spenser, who in *Colin Clout,* first celebrated the gentleness of the bard; rare Ben Jonson, who loved him only "this side idolatry"; Fletcher, with whom he collaborated, and Beaumont; Drayton, his friend of the late Stratford days; Massinger, who succeeded him as the playwright of the King's Men. These portraits should not be cheap reproductions, but, in so far as possible, genuine old canvasses, or, failing that, copies by reputable artists of original portraits. The market of the world shall offer opportunities to secure pictures suitable for "The Shakespeare House." Within the past few years, two portraits of the great dramatist have been offered for sale, either, or both of which might fittingly have been added to the gallery I am suggesting. In a shop in London, a beautiful portrait of Queen Elizabeth by Zuccero is now to be had for less than $5,000; and another London dealer recently offered for sale a handsome portrait of the Lord Chamberlain. Portraits of King James are not rare. Not long ago Horthorst's original oil portrait of Ben Jonson was put up at auction in New York City, and could have been secured at a reasonable sum. If only we are alert when such opportunities arise, we can, in the course of time assemble a notable collection of pictures having great Shakespearean interest. And equally valuable would be carefully executed copies of the fine portraits hanging in the public galleries of London or in private collections. A special group might be made of Elizabethan actors, as Dick Burbage, Edward Alleyn, Nathan Field, Richard Perkins, Tom Bond

—the list could be extended—so that if Shakespeare himself entered the room he would feel at home among friends.

If I may allow my imagination still freer play, at one end of the great Hall I would have a large stained-glass window, containing, in separate parts, representations of some of the master's better loved heroes and heroines—as Lear and Cordelia, Othello and Desdemona, Hamlet and Ophelia. At the other end I would hang a large sixteenth century tapestry, such as the poet, with keen appreciation describes in *Lucrece*—"a piece of skillful painting made for Priam's Troy."

> There might you see the laboring pioneer
> Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
> And from the towers of Troy there should appear,
> The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
> Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
> Such sweet observance in this work was had,
> That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

Below the tapestry I would have a large chimney, with a mantlepiece reproducing in marble the one lovingly described in *Cymbeline*:

> The chimney
> Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
> Chaste Dian bathing. Never saw I figures
> So likely to report themselves; the cutter
> Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
> Motion and breath left out . . . . Her andirons—
> I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
> Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
> Depending on their brands.

Adjoining this Hall, or in the upper floors, there would be, of course, rooms for committee meetings, for small group gatherings, and for special social occasions. One such room I would call "The London Room." And here I would place maps of the city as it was known to the poet. It is easy to secure these maps in their original impression, some beautifully hand colored; and when framed and hung on the walls, they would be highly decorative. Supplementing the maps there should be views of houses and places in old London—Paul's Cathedral, Paul's Yard, The Bridge, Cheapside, The Globe and other theatres, St. Mary Overies, The Bankside, and the like. Another

room I would call "The Stratford Room." And here I would assemble pictures of the poet's home town—the birthplace, the Guild Hall, the grammar school, the church, Clopton Bridge, the slow-flowing Avon, the Hathaway Cottage, the site of New Place, the Nash House, Hall's Croft, and various old Stratford buildings. A third room might be devoted to the famous performers of Shakespearean rôles, from Betterton to our own Booth, and to present-day actors.

But I must not longer defer mentioning the Library, surely a most important feature of our proposed centre for Shakespearean study. Dr. Tannenbaum has generously promised to leave to us his remarkable collection of over ten thousand items. May I call your attention to the fact that in some respects this collection will be unique? Dr. Tannenbaum is interested in the documentary records upon which Shakespearean scholarship mainly reposes, and in connection with his critical examination of these documents he has had a large number of fine photographs made, many in enlarged form. I venture to say that in no other one place can be found so many exact reproductions of manuscripts important for early theatrical history. As a result, "The Shakespeare House Library" will afford to those engaged in fundamental Shakespearean research very unusual facilities. Dr. Tannenbaum's gift will most certainly be followed by others; and funds will doubtless be provided for the continuous purchase of books essential to a full study of the poet. Adequate space should be allowed for future development; glass cases should be arranged to display the rarer bibliographical treasures; and a quiet study should be set aside for serious workers.

But my time is limited, and I cannot further elaborate the possibilities inherent in the plan we have in mind. May I, however, point out that if we are successful in establishing this House, the future will bring remarkable growth? What might we have today had a Franklin or a Jefferson founded such a House at the dawn of our national life? Yet it is not too late to make a beginning. The "Shakespeare House" that we found, let us realize, will last for hundreds of years. And who dares predict the treasures that may ultimately find here a resting place, or the services that this centre of literary culture may render to lovers of the best in English history?

Here we have, in the form of a dream, a very definite idea. We know that idea to be good. It is something new. As a memorial to Shakespeare it will be unique. If the dramatist could be induced to lay aside his innate modesty, he would, I am sure, give his approval, and in words far more elo-

quent than anyone else could frame, attempt to express his gratitude. All that we need to make our dream come true is a sum of money adequate for the purpose. I am glad that the Shakespeare Association of America is ready to sponsor the movement, and to undertake the task of raising the necessary funds. It will be easy to secure subscriptions from lovers of Shakespeare everywhere; yet most of these lovers are persons of small means. The poet now needs—what he sought, and never secured while alive—a Maecenas, a man who is able and willing to help with a larger gift. In America, where we boast many patrons of learning and of the arts, it should not be hard to find one who will gladly make possible this unique Shakespeare memorial as America's crowning tribute to the king of the English-speaking peoples.

SHOTTERY

(From E. I. Fripp's *Shakespeare's Haunts*)

Courtesy of The Oxford University Press, N. Y. Branch.

The First American Actor to Play Shakespeare

By Robert H. Ball

TO the stage-historian perhaps the most amazing feature of Shakespeare is his ubiquity. No matter in what pages he delves, no matter in what language he reads, no matter in what country he searches for records, Shakespeare greets him on every hand. Every country with any pretensions to what we call culture has seen his plays produced, and seen them often. And next, the stage-historian cannot fail to notice his timelessness. Who would dare to say how many times Shakespeare's plays have been produced? How many times in England, in America, how many in New York alone? That way madness lies; to estimate would be ridiculous. Shakespeare reverses the usual phenomena of life; other things grow old and die; Shakespeare, as the years pass, grows richer, fuller, more ubiquitous, more timeless. More will see his plays this century than saw them last, more last than in the eighteenth century, and so on, until we reach his own day. The real Shakespeare did not live in England alone, nor in the Elizabethan age alone. He is still alive, still growing. Even a stage-historian waxes philosophical at the thought, and wishes that he knew Einstein's theories, the better to express himself.

Lest we run into the dangers of transcendency, let us narrow our field. The American naturally thinks of Shakespeare in terms of American productions. America has a stage tradition of its own, has its own Shakespeare. But there is more here than we can fathom. Let us go still further, as far as we can go. Many actors have played Shakespeare in the United States, many American actors. Who was the first? Who was the first American professional to play Shakespeare?

One question leads to another: if Shakespeare is ubiquitous and timeless, we shall naturally expect to find that the first American professional actor is the gentleman for whom we are searching. Who was the first American professional actor? The author of this article has tried to demonstrate elsewhere* that the honors probably go to a man by the name of Samuel Greville. No mathematical proof is possible, since no record of his birth has been found, but what evidence there is points in his direction, and the best authorities seem inclined to agree with this view.

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* *Samuel Greville. First Player* (*The Princeton Alumni Weekly*, October 25, 1929, Vol. XXX, No. 5, pp. 117-24). In order not to encumber this article with footnotes, I take the liberty of referring to this study those readers who wish more detailed and documentary knowledge about Samuel Greville.

Samuel Greville emerges from the unknown as a student at what is now Princeton University sometime in the "middle sixties" of the eighteenth century. How long he was there we do not know, but it is clear that he left college without graduating, and, probably after trying to study law, horrified his friends by becoming a professional actor. Why he took this unprecedented step we can only guess; even his friends did not know. The fact however is indubitable. He made his debut in the newly built Southwark Theatre at Philadelphia with the American Company, managed by David Douglass.

We cannot but wish that our first professional actor had made his début in a Shakespearian play. Unfortunately such was not the case. Greville took his first bow from the boards of a theatre in the part of Moneses in Rowe's *Tamerlane.* The date, January 2, 1767, is one that deserves to be remembered. His name did not appear in the cast printed in the Philadelphia newspapers; he is there referred to only as "a young man, his first appearance on any stage." No criticisms of this début exist, but in the light of his continuance with the company we must assume that Greville was at least what a modern reviewer would call "adequate".

Rowe's *Tamerlane* is now of course as dead theatrically as *The Stranger* and *The Marble Heart;* not so the second play in which the "young man" appeared. Shakespeare now reasserts his omniscience by providing Greville with the part of Horatio in *Hamlet.* It is a week later, January 9, 1767, another date worth underlining in the annals of American stage-history, for then the first American professional actor played Shakespeare for the first time.

> Bernardo: What, is Horatio there?
> Horatio: A piece of him.
> Bernardo: Welcome, Horatio . . . . .

Words doubly significant! Welcome, Samuel Greville!

Lest it be thought that Greville was important as an actor, I must observe to the contrary. He never rose above minor parts; apparently he was one of the least important in the company. If he has any fame, it must go not to his histrionic abilities but to his precedence. Surely, however, it is enough that he was the first American professional actor, and the first American to play Shakespeare professionally in this country.

Greville continued to play in Philadelphia with the American Company during the winter and spring of 1767, and for a brief supplementary season in October and November. His next Shakespearian part was Cornwall in

King Lear; this was followed in order by the rôles of an undesignated officer in *Macbeth,* Malcolm in *Macbeth,* Balthazar in *Romeo and Juliet,* and Guiderius in *Cymbeline.* With the exception of the two parts in *Macbeth,* all were presented more than once.

Meanwhile David Douglass was preparing for his company a new theatre in John Street, New York City, whither his company travelled . . . in those days it was really travel . . . in December of 1767. The new theatre was opened on the 7th of December with *The Beaux' Stratagem* in which Greville usually played the part of Freeman; curiously enough, however, his name did not appear in the cast and his part was taken by another minor actor, Malone. The second bill also found him absent. Greville was perhaps delayed in Philadelphia or *en route.*

Fortunately, however, Greville was on hand on December 14th for the third bill. It was a gala occasion, a command performance by General Moore for the entertainment of "ten Indian warriors that arrived here last Friday from South Carolina; amongst whom are the famous chiefs called Attakullakulla, or the Little Carpenter, the Great Warrior of Estatoe, and the Raven King." The distinguished guests were treated to a performance of a pantomime ballet called *Harlequin's Vagaries;* why this was appropriate, heaven alone knows. This was the afterpiece, however, and the Indians, if they arrived early enough, saw as the main attraction, Shakespeare's *Richard III,* I suppose in the theatrically popular version of Colley Cibber. The first American actor made his bow to a New York audience in the part of Sir James Blunt.

In New York Greville was assigned to a few new Shakespearian parts, some in plays in which he had already acted, some in plays which apparently had not been presented while he was a member of the company or in which he had not previously played when they were presented. We feel something of a shock to find that he has descended from Horatio to Marcellus in *Hamlet.* He continued to play Guiderius in *Cymbeline* and Cornwall in *King Lear,* but he became Escalus and later Friar Lawrence in *Romeo and Juliet,* and Duncan in *Macbeth,* thus playing during his brief career three parts in each of the last two plays. In *Richard III* he shifted from Sir James Blunt to the Earl of Oxford. Three plays in which he had not hitherto acted contain his name in the casts: he appeared as the Duke in *The Merchant of Venice,* as the Duke in *Othello,* and finally as Sir Richard Vernon in *Henry IV* (Part 1). Thus ended the brief alliance between William Shakespeare and Samuel Greville.

After May of 1768, Greville, if the extant records speak true, trod the

boards no more. When Douglass's company started performances again the following October, Greville was no longer with the company. What happened to him is conjectural. What evidence there is seems to identify him with a Dr. Samuel Greville of Charleston, South Carolina, who died in 1774, but the identification is at best a shadowy business, and discussion of it is not suited to the subject of this article.

So ends this brief chronicle of Samuel Greville as a Shakespearian actor. In all, he played only fifteen parts in nine of the plays; his total number of Shakespearian performances runs to less than thirty. A most unimportant person, you may say, a minor actor hardly deserving a place in serious historical research,—and yet somehow I cannot forget him. He had courage, else he would not have dared to face down that attitude of eighteenth century respectability toward the stage; his precedence then was not entirely accidental. Whether he knew it or not, he was the first American to take up acting as a means of livelihood, a not inconsiderable step in the direction of making it an art worthy of serious consideration in America. And then, he was the first American actor to play Shakespeare, a fact which, I submit, lovers of the dramatist should not entirely ignore. In truth, he does not deserve to go unnoticed,

> . . . a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
> And then is heard no more.

Shakespeare, Writer of Letters

By Myra B. Martin

(Read before the Shakespeare Club of New York City, April 16, 1929)

ON looking over the records of the Shakespeare Club for the forty years of its existence, I noted that although we have had papers on a great variety of subjects, there have been none on the letters in Shakespeare's plays.

Perhaps nothing more surely indicates a person's disposition, temperament, and even his character, than the kind of letter he writes, and although Shakespeare has such facility for getting into the skin of his creatures that one can not put his finger on any specific letter and say—ah! this is Shakespeare! —we may conjecture the kind of personal letter he would have written, and perhaps when Dr. Wallace can resume his search he may find at least one letter of Shakespeare's very own. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we had even one!

But in his plays we have something like forty letters, each as distinct from the other as the personalities of the supposed writers. They range from grave to gay, from pretentious to sincerely plain, from loving to hating, and so on.

What is the most momentous letter in Shakespeare? We who have just finished reading his bloodiest play, and one of the most tragic, because it portrays a man's spiritual disintegration, might say at once—"Macbeth's letter to his wife." At first reading it seems innocuous enough— the somewhat exultant but really affectionate letter of a man to the wife who has shared his career and whom he wishes to have share the far greater career his imagination pictures. What a train of tragic events it sets in motion—a destiny fulfilled to the uttermost!

But on second thought, I am inclined to think the most momentous letter is one that was never delivered—the letter of Friar Laurence to Romeo. Its non-receipt was the immediate cause of the tragedy—a tragedy of innocent, youthful passion, appealing to the tenderest human sentiments, with none of the grossness of the tragedy of ambition.

But—perhaps if the letter had reached Romeo and the tragedy had been averted, there might have been a greater one. Juliet might have become a fat, loquacious old woman, Romeo another irritable, irascible Montague like his father! We are spared that, and the tragedy of young love is enshrined in our heart's memory as the most beautiful love story of all time.

Perhaps the most loving letter is that of Hamlet to Ophelia. Being "the

glass of fashion and the mould of form," he begins his letter in such rhymes as were affected by the Elizabethan gallants:

"To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia," and so on—you remember the critical Polonius took exception to the epithet "beautified," calling it "an ill phrase, a vile phrase"—but Hamlet's feeling is evidently too sincere to be expressed in this artificial form and he ends with the honest, understandable prose of the true lover:

"O, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers. I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him,

Hamlet."

When we were reading *Hamlet* we had differences of opinion on the question of Hamlet's love for Ophelia. Why should one doubt it? If this letter were all, one might say it was just a passing fancy, fostered by propinquity, but at her grave he reiterates it:

"I loved Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum."

There are two other letters of Hamlet—one to Horatio as his most intimate friend, describing what happened to the ship that was taking him to England—to certain death; the other to the King—a letter that must have struck terror to the King's heart:

"High and Mighty, You shall know that I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes, when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return."

But let us away from tragedy awhile. Orlando's verses to Rosalind are letters in one sense, but we have Phebe's letter to Rosalind, whom she supposes to be a handsome youth. The joyousness of this letter inheres in Rosalind's treatment of it. "I say she never did invent this letter,"—and of course, she didn't. She doubtless paid one of the professional letter-writers for it—the kind of letter that would have delighted Mopsa in *The Winter's Tale,* who "love(d) a ballad in print o' life; for then they are true."

What is the most laughable letter in Shakespeare's plays? A matter of choice—Sir Andrew Aguecheek's "vinegar and pepper" challenge to Cesario (Viola); Maria's letter purporting to be from Olivia to Malvolio; and of course, the absurd letter of Falstaff, written in duplicate to Mistress Ford and Mistress Page. Falstaff's native cunning was evidently not resurrected

with his body. The Jack Falstaff of *Henry IV* would not have made the mistake of writing identical letters—and such a letter—to two women in the same town.

On the whole, Maria's letter is perhaps the masterpiece—not only her vivacity and her love of fun appear, but the cunning wit that devised a letter which would produce the desired effect on Malvolio, and yet would not get her into too much trouble with Olivia. Overlooking her poor poetry, see how clever she is:

> "Jove knows I love;
> But who?
> Lips, do not move;
> No man must know.
> I may command where I adore:
> But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
> With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
> M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.
>
> If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness; some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity; she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered; I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter service with thee.
>
> The Fortunate-Unhappy."

And Shakespeare runs true to form when he provides the woman's letter with a postscript, which, as usual, contains the most important thing in the letter:

> "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee."

Before we leave *Twelfth Night,* let us regard Malvolio's letter to Olivia, which I think is one of the most pathetic of all the letters in the plays. His respectfully affectionate regard for Olivia, his self-respect and his outraged dignity, struggle with his honest anger, so that he "leaves his duty a little

unthought-of, and speaks out of his injury." We sympathize with him.

Another moving letter—I believe it to be as nearly perfect as a letter can be—is the one from Antonio to Bassanio. I can not refrain from quoting it.

> "Sweet Bassanio:—My ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure. If your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

Comment lags superfluous. But I can't help feeling that Bassanio was not worthy of such supreme friendship—"if a man lay down his life for his friend."

I must not tax your patience by lingering over the other letters in the plays; as, for instance, the most perfidious—Posthumus's letter to Imogen—how could she ever forgive? The most absurd—the letters of Armado to the King and Jaquenetta; the most disgusting—Parolles to Dian; the most horrible—Goneril to Edmund; the most prophetic—Artemidorus to Julius Caesar; the most entrancing in imagination—Cleopatra's daily messages to Anthony —twenty messengers on the road at once; the letter of Bertram's mother, at her command written by Rinaldo, Bertram's reply, and Helena's letters; Northumberland's letter to Hotspur, the reading of which by Hotspur shows us his mettle; the letter from the groom in *Henry VIII,* which throws a sidelight on Cardinal Wolsey; the wise letter of Bellario to the Duke; Angelo to Provost; the warning letter to Aufidius; the letters of Proteus to Julia and Silvia—how intriguing that letter which Julia tore to shreds and then tried to piece together; the letter from Rome to Antony and to Octavius; and most melancholy of all, Timon's letter to the World!—all different, all characteristic.

When one considers how difficult it is to write even one letter in such a way as to be sure that it will be read in the same spirit in which it was written, is it not marvelous that these forty letters coming down three hundred years seem like contemporaneous print o' hand? That the letters of the tragedies should seem so is not so remarkable, for the tragic is always with us—the drab existence of millions of persons is tragic, even if they do not so recognize it—but the very life and sparkle of comedy usually lies in its timeliness, and it dies with its time. That these letters, then, delight us as they did the Elizabethan audiences is one more bit of testimony to the master-craftsmanship of Shakespeare.

Out in the Valley of the Avon

By Edna Davis Romig

I.

A Tall Boy Speaks

If I could only catch these Stratford folk
And make them play their parts in some good play—
The smith with open mouth, amazed, to croak
At some strange tale, his giant feet a-splay,
Akimbo his big arms; his leathern dress
Smeared from the forge; and all his heavy form
A ruddy bulk played over by a swarm
Of sparks red from the forge's black recess;
And he who tells the tale a princely knave
Full tall, his dark eyes quizzical; his tire
And horse's trapping regal. And his squire
On prancing steed, a quiet lad and grave . . . . .
Ah, it would make a pretty piece—God's clown,
There's many a brave one in our Stratford town!

II.

Schoolmen have had their turn with me, and now
I'd give them parts of nonsense and of rote:
They'll speak a jargon that will show them how
Their jargon speaks to boys—not worth a groat!
More to the taste a man I've met, a very
Mountain of flesh that trembles, shakes and rolls
In laughter; and each eye is like a berry
A-shine upon a russet wall, and knolls
Rise either way for jowls. And when he breathes
It is as if a wind arose. In truth he walks
Like Jove. Is seems a thunder when he talks.
Sometimes he sings—and then a furnace seethes.
The Queen's own players have no like of these
That one on every side in Stratford sees.

III.

The stage is life: the figures I would see
Acting their parts would be the high and low,
In tragic mask or that of comedy,
The buffoon and the king, in joy and woe.
There would be darkened lines and lines that glow.
Some scenes would be in palaces; a few
In wild and fearsome spots where ghouls might go;
And some would be in woods like those I knew
In youth, the Arden woods, where fresh winds blew.
And I would have true women move in love,
Some full of wisdom, some of course a shrew,
Some merry maids, some gentle like a dove.
There would be quiet times and times of strife.
How great to act a part—the stage is life.

IV.

A Townsman Speaks

Last year, they say, this wildblood did the deed,
Stalked deer—and the Holy Virgin knows what else.
A country lass, they say, was in sore need
Of bans and pretty sudden wedding bells.
He roamed the fields and forest long enough,
A wastrel, I'm afeared, a ne'er-do-well,
Not the good pattern of his sire, or stuff
His gentle mother's made of, I've heard tell.
And now he's up at London. You well know
He'll toast his toes before some tavern fire
And like as not the sort of oats he'll sow
Will be at some vile play-house—and for hire!
'Od's blood—they're bound for trouble still,
The Shakespeares, through the wildness of young Will.

Editorial Notes and Comment

"We publish his plays in countless editions. But we pay him no royalty. We go to the theatres to witness his *Hamlet,* his *Romeo and Juliet,* his *Lear;* but again we accept his labors as a free gift. All that we give him by way of return is lip service—a name. Now it is proposed that we give him also—in our America—a local habitation."

No member of the Association can fail to be stirred by Professor Adams' glowing picture of that Memorial and by the eloquent plea for the embodiment of his dream. This is the word for which we have waited. Such a vision makes editorial foot-notes superfluous.

"If the dramatist could be induced to lay aside his innate modesty, he would, I am sure, give his approval, and in words far more eloquent than anyone else could frame, attempt to express his gratitude. All that we need to make our dream come true is a sum of money adequate for the purpose. I am glad that the Shakespeare Association of America is ready to sponsor the movement, and to undertake the task of raising the necessary funds. It will be easy to secure subscriptions from lovers of Shakespeare everywhere; yet most of these lovers are persons of small means. The poet now needs—what he sought, and never secured while alive—a Maecenas, a man who is able and willing to help with a larger gift. In America, where we boast many patrons of learning and of the arts, it should not be hard to find one who will gladly make possible this unique Shakespeare memorial as America's crowning tribute to the king of the English-speaking peoples."

The challenge to this Association is clear. Is there any reason why we should postpone the active campaign for the realization of this most substantial dream?

NEW CONTRIBUTIONS IN THIS ISSUE

Edward Peyton Harris, since graduating from Washington and Lee with the highest honors in 1923 and from the "47 Workshop" of Professor Baker both at Harvard and at Yale, has had an exceptionally varied and active career in the theatrical world. He is one of the pioneers in writing for the radio and in lecturing at universities on this new art. At the present time he is "adapter-director" for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Guido Ferrando, a Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Pisa and Doctor of Laws from the University of Rome, has been for ten years Professor of English Literature at the University of Florence. Through his efforts was founded the British Institute of Florence, the most important center of English culture in Italy. A recognized writer on philosophical subjects, he has done much to make the works of Emerson, Thoreau, and Carlyle, as well as those of Shakespeare, appreciated in his native country. He is one of the foremost exponents of Italian and Anglo-American cultural relations.

ROBERT H. BALL, a graduate of Princeton with the A. B. and Ph.D. degrees, has been for several years Instructor in English and Dramatic Art in that university. He has written on the drama and the theatre and is preparing a volume on stage history.

GORDON IRELAND used his special knowledge of ciphers as Captain in the Signal Corps on the Belgian front during the great war. He is now Assistant Professor of Latin American Law in the Harvard University Law School.

EUSTACE CONWAY, a native of Cincinnati, was educated at the University of London and at the Inner Temple. A member of both the English and the American Bar, he practiced his profession in New York for nearly half a century until his retirement three years ago. He has written several volumes, including *Anthony Munday and Other Essays* and *The Sin of Ugliness and Other Essays,* and he has also edited the Addresses and Reprints of his father, Moncure D. Conway, the well-known biographer.

We are happy to announce that President Neilson has accepted the invitation to become a member of the Advisory Editorial Board.

Dr. Tannenbaum writes:

"On page 96 of Mr. Carmer's very interesting essay in our July issue there is a statement which I think ought, in fairness to those concerned, to be corrected. The Chicago Civic Theatre and the Memorial Theatre at Stratford are not the only theatres 'pledged to a policy of Shakespearean repertory.' Surely everybody interested in the theatre knows and appreciates the devotion of the Old Vic (in London) to Shakespeare. It is the only theatre that produces Shakespeare's plays in their entirety, even such a long play as *Hamlet* and a such a bloody one as *Titus Andronicus.*"

We are fortunate in being able to announce that Mrs. Pearle Aikin-Smith, Dean of Women and Associate Professor of Speech in the University of Southern California, has accepted her appointment as California State Chairman of Membership for the Association.

A CORRECTION

In the poem, "Shakespeare's April," by Charlotte Endymion Porter on page 71 of the April issue the third line of the third stanza should read

"Humor stirs her, mindful how"

instead of

"Humor stirs her, mindful now"

as printed.

The Club Forum

Conducted by Mrs. Robert Carlton Morris

FROM Kansas State Agricultural College there came to my desk an attractive menu and after-dinner program used in a celebration of Shakespeare's birthday last April. President F. D. Farrell was master of ceremonies. The exquisite musical settings for several of the best loved lyrics were heard. Members of the faculty led discussions on Shakespearean Controversies, Actors, Influence Abroad and Scholars in America. The 116th "Sonnet" was beautifully recited, and the occasion closed with scenes from *Hamlet* and from *Romeo* and *Juliet.*

We have received a cordial message from Mrs. F. B. Clements, president of the Shakespeare Club of Birmingham, Alabama. This club was organized in 1903, and is the mother of two junior clubs, one of which has taken the name "The Cauldron." Mrs. Clements promises a detailed history of her own club and of several other Alabama groups, later.

In 1897 a group of forward-looking women met in Longview, Texas, and formed a Shakespeare Club. That organization exists to-day, and its long and honorable history is one in which an entire community takes pride. They sought opportunity for intellectual development through their study of great literature, but they also found means to satisfy their civic conscience. Their first year-book, printed so long ago, contained their motto:

> "Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and godlike reason
> To fust in us unused."

The group established the first library in their county. Following the World War, they planted splendid pecan trees, a grove of remembrance, now on the Court House lawn.

The Shakespeare Garden of Cleveland, is located on the upper drive of Rockefeller Boulevard, a part of the city park system. Among its treasures are certain trees from the original Birnam Wood. That Birnam forest should come to Dunsinane seemed to Macbeth impossible, but that saplings from the famous grove should be growing near Lake Erie seems incredible. There is also in this garden a luxuriant growth of ivy transplanted from the alleged tomb of Juliet. The Cleveland Club last year made an intensive study of *King Henry the Fifth,* including the manners, customs, and politics of the people of that period.

The year-book of the St. Louis Tercentenary Shakespeare Society has been prepared by a committee familiar with the poet's lines and apt in applying them. Innumerable quotations embellish the book, describing committees, occasions, program subjects and speakers. Even individual members are characterized appropriately. This group, including men and women, has seven classes of members, and is one of the strongest clubs in the country.

Applications for membership in the Toledo Club must be accompanied by a statement that the person who desires to become a member has read at least half of a long list of books. The titles were compiled by the program committee and are printed in the new year-book.

Following its custom of stimulating the interest of the children, the club this year offers three prizes of twenty dollars each for the best description of a Shakespeare garden in picture, in poetry or in prose. Contestants must be under eighteen years of age and residents of northwestern Ohio.

This club took the initiative in forming a committee to observe the Vergil Bimillennium with an appropriate evening program to begin in the Toledo Museum of Art, Oct. 15th.

"Gleanings from the Shakespeare Association Bulletin" is an entirely new subject, incorporated in our new year-book. At four regular meetings a digest of the contents of an issue of the Bulletin will be presented by members assigned this pleasant task. The Bulletin prints such a wealth of material which may be used by clubs that it is strange that the idea of using it has not occurred long ago.

At my request, Mr. Howard Fleming has written a history of the Shakespeare Club of Plainfield, New Jersey. I submit it without change.

The story of the Shakespeare Club of Plainfield begins with the association of thirty young married people of culture in 1887, to meet twice a month at each other's homes and read the plays for a period from October to May. There were no dues but attendance was obligatory (excepting from causes) at the meetings on the second and fourth Fridays at 8 P. M. A president was elected to serve for only two meetings, who would assign the parts to be read by the members, a notice being sent to each member a week in advance in order that the play might be studied.

In 1896 after an existence of nine years, we began to have a record or Minute Book that is unique, as it contains photographs, pen and ink sketches and watercolors of events, costume party, scenes given from the plays, etc., and original letters from famous Shakespearian actors, whose presentations we attended as a club. The transactions of the first nine years have been written up from memory. The club was limited to 32 members that gave us 16 homes

for our meetings on the 16 Fridays from October to May. There have been losses by death, removal and resignation, but elections from a waiting list, or special, have always kept the active membership at 32. On the completion of our 43d year we have one active charter member, and nine active members that were elected in the first ten years, and as Honorary members, two charter members, that could not regularly attend the meetings on account of age.

On Shakespeare's Birthday, 1927, to signalize our fortieth anniversary, we planted a tree in our beautiful Cedar Brook Park, and the following year, in cooperation with the Union County Park Commission and Plainfield Garden Club, several of our members being associated with them, a Shakespeare Garden, that was illustrated in the Shakespeare Association Bulletin of October, 1928. All the flowers and most of the shrubs that are mentioned in the plays, and that flourish in this latitude are in the garden, and markers give the botanical name and common or garden name and reference to play, act, and scene, where mentioned. It therefore is educational, and on many days ladies and teachers with children are found in the garden.

In the period of 43 years we have read several of the plays many times and always find new interest in them. Have also read books on the life of the Bard of Avon, and the Elizabethan era. Members contribute information that is of Shakespearean interest and is profitable. To be a member of our "ancient and honorable" club is sought after, and that we are not "dry as dust" is evidenced by our annual picnic in June, to which guests are invited, of late years at the historic spot on the Watchung Mountains, known as Washington Rock, from which on a clear day the tall buildings of New York City can be seen. There, in the Lodge erected by the D. A. R., at a long table, we have a flow of soul followed by speeches, humor, and sometimes a scene from a play with a clever skit on the members.

Howard Fleming, the active charter member, was joint president with Lord Balfour of the British Shakespeare Association in 1917, that promoted the annual observance of Shakespeare's Birthday, April 23d, in the schools of the British Empire and of the United States, and he urges all Shakespeare Societies to assist, by bringing the matter to the attention of their local Board of Education, Superintendent of Schools, Principals of High Schools and the Faculty, so that the observance may be National as in England. A plan has been worked out that would take less than one hour of the school session, and enlist the interest of the entire school.

I want new year-books, club histories, names of officers of clubs, the story of what you have done, and of what you hope to do. "With more than common thanks we will receive it" at 2648 Kirkwood Lane, Toledo, Ohio.

"Sound" or "Soughe" in *Twelfth Night,* I i, 8.

ROMANTIC, love-sick Orsino, surrounds himself with musicians who feed his melancholy humor by playing him music associated from time out of memory with hopeless love. On one of these occasions, which also happens to be the opening of Shakespeare's play, the amorous Duke, being (as he thinks) profoundly moved by the air he had just heard, says (as the passage stands in the First Folio):

> That straine agen, it had a dying fall:
> O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound
> That breathes upon a banke of violets;
> Stealing, and giuing Odour.

The last word in the second line of this quotation has not satisfied sensitive readers. Critics and commentators have objected to it; some editors have even substituted one or other word for it. Nicholas Rowe, Shakespeare's first scholarly editor (and himself a poet and dramatist) altered it—without any explanation—to "wind"; but in his second edition, published five years after the first, he silently returned to "sound," and since then no one has ever said a word in approbation of his prosaic emendation. Most editors of this play, it may be added, have retained the Folio reading, even though they were not at all convinced that it is poetical or satisfactory.

Why critics find the Folio's "sound" objectionable and non-Shakesperian may be summarized as follows:

1. A sound cannot be said "to breathe upon a bank of violets;"
2. A sound cannot be said "to steal and give odor." A sound affects —in ordinary people—the ear, not the nose.

In defense of the Folio reading it has been urged (1) that in the word "sound," suggestive (?) of the hum of a breeze blowing over beds of violets, there is a metonomy, "sound" being substituted for the breeze which produces the sound; (2) that Shakespeare elsewhere speaks of hearing with eyes, of smelling music, of hearing by the nose, of conveying speeches through the eye, etc.; and (3) that no less a poet than Milton (in *Comus,* line 556) speaks of a "sound rising like a steam of distill'd perfumes." Notwithstanding this vigorous defense of "sound," some modern readers and commentators are not satisfied with it. They insist that "sound" cannot be Shakespeare's word, that the compositor must have misread the word in the manuscript which served as his copy.

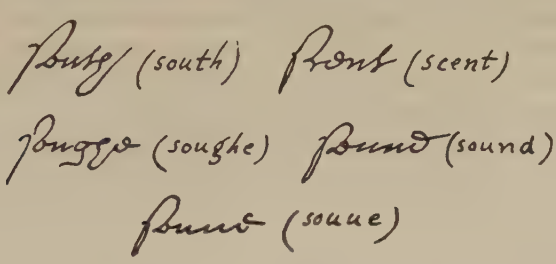
Alexander Pope, a far more sensitive and capable poet than Rowe, substituted "south" (meaning "south-wind") for the Folio's "sound," and has been followed by several editors. This reading is constantly being discussed and evidently appeals to students of Shakespeare more than any other alteration of this passage that has yet been proposed. The obstacles which stand in the way of its favorable acceptance are two: (1) Shakespeare seems not to have liked the south-wind and seems almost always to have associated it with fogs, contagion, disease, etc.; (2) a compositor would not have been likely to misread "south" as "sound."

From Dr. Furness's Variorum edition of the play, one of the very best ever published, we learn that other lovers of the Master Poet and Dramatist, dissatisfied with "wind" and "south," had proposed other substitutes for "sound," to wit: "scent," "south-wind," "sou'wind" (for "south-wind"—and pronounced "sou'ind"!), and "sough" (meaning breeze). As regards "scent" it is sufficient to say that no one can for a moment think that Shakespeare would have spoken of a scent stealing and giving odor. "South-wind" and "sou'wind" were evidently suggested to meet the objection that Shakespeare would not have spoken of the south wind as "the south." Before considering "sough" or "soughe"—a very plausible suggestion made anonymously in the nineteenth century—a few additional words must be said about "sound."

To compare one musical sound ("that strain") to another "sweet sound" is hardly poetical; it's not the sort of thing we would expect from Shakespeare when in the maturity of his powers (*Twelfth Night* was written about 1601). Though there is no objection to a poet's speaking of a sweet sound (that is, a faint hum) breathing upon a bank of violets, there is very great objection (from a poetical viewpoint) to speaking of a sound as stealing and giving odor. Milton's simile of a sound rising like a steam of distilled perfumes has no bearing on the passage we are discussing; he does not say that the sound conveys perfume, only that it rises like a steam of perfumes. There is truth in Milton's figure, but none in Shakespeare's (if "sound" is the word he wrote).

Additional proof—for me, at any rate—that Shakespeare did not write "sound" is to be found in the use of the definite article "the" in "like the sweet sound." The definite article implies familiarity, something that every one would instantly recognize. A sound which steals and gives odor would not be recognized by an auditor or reader; Shakespeare, knowing this, would have written "like a sweet sound."

Granting, then, that "sound" was not Shakespeare's word, we must ask ourselves what word which would fit the passage would a compositor be likely to misread "sound." Surely neither "south" nor "scent" (see



facsimiles). Of all the words yet suggested the beautifully onomatopoeic "soughe" is the most likely. From the *New English Dictionary* we know that the word was current in Shakespeare's time and meant a gentle zephyr, a soft, faint breeze — the very word this passgae requires. But there seems to be a very serious obstacle in the way of acceptance of "soughe" as a substitute for "sound"; it seems impossible for a compositor to have mistaken the former word for the latter. The difficulty is, however, not insurmountable. In the Elizabethan period "sough" was in all probability pronounced as a rhyme to modern "aloof" and could have been written "soufe," *f* replacing *gh*. From an examination of such manuscripts, for example, as *The Second Maydens Tragedy* (licensed in 1611), we know that Elizabethan writers did not hesistate on occasion to write a *u* (equivalent to *v*) for an *f*. That Shakespeare was in the habit of doing this we know from certain readings in the First Folio and in the early Quartos. By way of example, the following line from *Othello* may be quoted: "I am sure it [the handkerchief] was your wiues,"—a reading in which the Folio and the Quartos agree! If, then, Shakespeare wrote "souue" (for "souve" and equivalent to "soufe," "soughe"), the compositor could very easily have mistaken the second *u* for an *n* and the final Gothic (Old English) *e* for a *d*, thus giving us "sound." (See facsimile.) The mistaking of an *e* for a *d*, it is generally acknowledged, is one of the very commonest errors in the Shakespeare canon. The absence of an *e* after the *d* is to some extent corroboration of this view. Had Shakespeare written "sound," either he or the printer would perhaps have added a final *e*.

Samuel A. Tannenbaum.

Ingram Frizer Laid More Low than Marlowe

AFTER forty years, Donnelly's *Great Cryptogram* has retired somewhat from the forefront of the battle; but one never knows where or how the occupant of a rest area may be called up again, and when occasion offers it is permissible to prepare one small gun against the reappearance. One of the best ways in which to judge the real validity of a story that seems on its face improbable or to proceed from a wholly novel source is to examine such portions of it as deal with matters capable of independent determination, to see if the new tale is consistent with specific facts established in other ways. So far as Cecil's deciphered story to the Queen touches on concrete events of Shakespeare's life otherwise reported to us, it now appears to be in general correct. The incidents of his having been a butcher's apprentice, of killing Sir Thomas Lucy's deer, the flight to London, the horse holding, the application for arms, and the purchase of New Place (Note 1), all are consistent with information from other sources which we believe reliable.

The story of the death of Christopher Marlowe (Note 2) goes into details which appear capable of similar confirmation. Donnelly is so pleased with its evidence of inner contemporary knowledge and revealed truth that he devotes a special Chapter to it (Note 3) and calls especial attention to the circumstances:

> "This account of Marlowe's death agrees exactly with the records and traditions which have come down to us. The parish register of Deptford, the village to which he had fled, records 'Christopher Marlowe, slaine by ffrancis Archer, the 1 of June, 1593.'" (P. 692)

As the Cipher has it, Cecil says of Marlowe (Note 4):

> "He had engaged in a quarrel with one Archer, a servant, about a wanton, ending in a bloody hand to hand fight, in which he was slain. The point of his own sword struck against his head and eyes, making fearful wounds." (Pp. 690-691)

And Donnelly is triumphant:

> "The reader will observe the exquisite cunning with which the name of Archer is concealed in the text. The first syllable is the first syllable of Arch-bishop, separated from bishop by a hyphen. *Arch* comes from '13-167-30, and *or* from 516-167-50; here we have the two common modifiers 30 and 50. But to obtain the first syllable, we count in the brackets and hyphens in 167; in the other case we do not; and in the first instance, we begin at the end of scene 2, descend to the bottom of the column, and,

returning to the top of the column, go downward; in the other case, we begin at the same point of departure and go up the column." (P. 692); and again:

> "Some time since we saw the *arch* of that word *arch-bishop* used to give us the first syllable of the name of the man Archer, who slew Marlowe." (P. 763).

So clearly there is no mistake about the Cipher being rightly extracted here. It purports to tell the circumstances as known down to 1623 of the murder committed in 1593. William Vaughan had said the slayer was "one named Ingram" (Note 5), but nobody appears to have paid much attention to him. James Broughton in 1820 secured from D. Jones, Minister of the Church of St. Nicholas, Deptford, an extract from the Register of Burials which read "1st June, 1593. Christopher Marlow, slaine by ffrancis Archer." Broughton published his find in the *British Stage and Literary Cabinet* in January, 1821, and again in *The Gentleman's Magazine* in January, 1830. This particular item was accepted, adopted and quoted by subsequent writers until Halliwell-Phillipps took the trouble to examine the Deptford Register afresh for himself. He read the surname as "Frezer", and duly published his version (Note 6), but no particular note seems to have been made of the difference; and we must assume, in view of the unhesitating tone of Donnelly's statements, that he had not in 1887 seen Halliwell-Phillipps' or any similar comment.

The brilliant labor of Professor Hotson (Note 7) in 1925 gave the world information so definite, complete and detailed as to be absolutely convincing, that the man who killed Marlowe was named Ingram Frizer, and not Archer at all; and, moreover, that the slayer was not a servant (in the sense the Cipher implies) and the quarrel was not about a wanton! The rest of the story coincides nearly enough with the circumstances theretofore known. It is truly an "exquisite cunning" which can foresee in 1623 an error to be made in 1820, and perpetuate it before it is committed, to the concealment of the real truth about an event that happened only thirty years before. Is it possible not to conclude that at this point at any rate the Cipher Story has been found from no real keys at all, but in fact evolved, consciously or otherwise, by the operator from a brain which knew what in 1887 was accepted as fact? And the next question follows irresistibly: If the Cipher is imaginary here, is it perhaps so elsewhere? And everywhere?

If notwithstanding his "arch" satisfaction Donnelly made a mistake, mis-

read the cipher movement at the crucial point and where he has

513—167=346—22b&h=324—30=294—50=244—4h=240 76.1 240 Arch,

should have omitted both modifiers 30 and 50, and used simply

513—167=346—22b&h=324—4h=320 76.1 320 froze,

the slayer's name will then appear as *froze or,* which is, by numerous precedents in the Cipher, whether or not we rely on the frequently invoked "pronunciation of that day," easily read Frizer. This of course not only calls for an explanation of how the Great Decipherer happened to make any slip, and especially this very extraordinary one, but leaves need to smooth away the "wanton" feature of the original revelation, now shown also to have been wholly fictitious.

The minimum inescapable conclusion is that in one place *The Great Cryptogram* relates an event of 1593 as it was in 1887 generally but erroneously supposed to have happened, whereas in or before 1623 the true circumstances might easily have been and in all probability were known to the author of the Plays. What further inferences are to be drawn from this demonstration is a matter for each reader to settle for himself (Note 8).

1. Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare, by James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, 5th ed., London, 1885, at pp. 51, 60, 63, 112 and 113; retailed in The Great Cryptogram at pp. 788, 699, 884, 775 and 772, respectively.

2. May we venture to paraphrase Phebe and her quotation?

"Dead shepherd! now we find thy death of might;
Who ever lied but came the lie to light?"
(*Cf.* As You Like It, Act III, Scene V.)

3. Part II, Chap V, pp. 868-693.

4. The name comes always in the Cipher as *More low.* As there is but one *low* in this general neighborhood (P. 74, col. 1, word 226) it is used each of the five times the name appears, but with four different *more's* preceding it (Pp. 690, 719, 725, 766 and 884); and also three times (Pp. 746, 858 and 885) in other contexts than to name the assassin's victim. *Low* occurs twice further on, but apparently out of reach of any *more* (See pp. 805 and 827).

5. The Golden Grove, 1600.

6. So stated in the Dictionary of National Biography (1917), under Marlowe (Vol. XII, p. 1072) and repeated by Hotson; but the exact H-P reference has not been located.

7. The Death of Christopher Marlowe, John Leslie Hotson; 76p., 8*, London, and Cambridge, 1925. The true reading of the Burial Register line is "Christopher Marlow, slaine by ffrancis ffrezer, the 1 of June (1593)." The revelations of this work furnish of course the basis and point for the present note.

8. Professor Hotson says in a letter of June 20, 1925, to the writer, upon the subject of this note: "It constitutes a very handsome nail in the coffin of the cryptographic theory—showing a patent 'reading in' of so-called known facts to substantiate whole-cloth inventions. . . . I shall not be surprised if the records should ultimately give up enough facts to discredit the Baconian or 'anyonian' theory even in the minds of their most fanatic adherents." All honor is due and thanks should be rendered for the results of his labors so far.

Cambridge, Mass.

GORDON IRELAND.

The Ashbourne Portrait Again

IT may be safely said that excepting the Droeshout portrait and the Stratford bust there is no portrait of Shakespeare that is above suspicion. As Sir Sidney Lee says in his *Life of Shakespeare,* 1916 edition, page 522:

> "No portrait exists which can be said with absolute certainty to have been executed during his lifetime."

All the other portraits depend upon tradition and legend; they have pedigrees of one kind or another, but the only ones with any fact inscribed on them are the Flower and Felton portraits, which have the name and date of supposed painting on them, but they are of doubtful authenticity. In one sense, tradition or legend is a fact, but it is not a fact directly connecting the picture with Shakespeare in his lifetime.

Therefore, pedigree or tradition are of no greater value, if so much, as where there is no pedigree or tradition, but there are facts supporting authenticity.

The question is, whether this is so in this particular instance.

I have to thank Professor Smith for his excellent essay concerning this picture. The only suggestion I have to make is as to his remarks about the ring. In Lee's *Life of Shakespeare,* edition of 1916, facing page 456, is a

good copy of the seal attached to the Blackfriars deed. If the seal has any initials on it I am wrong. If it has a device on it similar to that on the ring in the picture, I think that is a fact which tends to sustain the authenticity of the portrait, because no artist would add a similar ring to the one used by Shakespeare, after his death. He would not be able to find it.

Dr. Tannenbaum thinks the device is a carved head. I think there are two things which I guess to be a buskin and a gage.

Considering Dr. Tannenbaum's other criticisms, I do not think the book held is a real book, but one imagined by the artist as a suitable theatrical book for the portrait of Shakespeare.

There are two spears in Shakespeare's coat of arms, one traversing the shield and the other upheld by the falcon. For artistic effect the artist would cross these.

The best experts I could consult agree,—while doubting the picture is a contemporaneous one,—that the lettering, the book and the ring were not superimposed later, but are a part of the original painting. To draw the spear-heads and the device on the book in proper proportions would not be acceptable to an artist in such a size as to make the devices clearly ascertainable.

I disagree that this painting "bears no resemblance to the Droeshout portrait or to the Stratford bust." Allowing for a difference in age, there is the same lofty forehead and cupid bow mouth and shaped head.

I am forced to agree with the Doctor as to the costume not being appropriate to the portrait or period. This is a drawback, but Van Somer liked a courtly dress; this is evidenced in his other pictures. It may be added, not as any material proof, but as an interesting fact, that Van Somer painted two portraits of the Third Earl of Southampton (Lee's *Life,* page 224) and he also painted one of the Countess of Southampton which is in the National Portrait Gallery in London, and one of the Earl of Pembroke which is at Hampton Court. If the picture is genuine, this would tend to show that Shakespeare remained in Southampton's circle in 1611.

I cannot find any other man of distinction (and the subject of this picture is certainly a man of distinction) who was forty-seven years old in 1611.

There is as good a belief, if not a better one, in the authenticity of this portrait as there is as to any other of Shakespeare's alleged portraits.

EUSTACE CONWAY